WEASEL BOY

THE DARK IGUANA'S ON VACATION WITH HIS DAUGHTER CARRION IS PLANNING A SIEGE OF SUPERMEGATOPIA FROM A MUSEUM AND WEASEL BOY JUST FOUND A LARGE RABBIT IN HIS BATHTUB FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IN

BIG BUNNY, SMALL WEASEL!

CHAPTER 7

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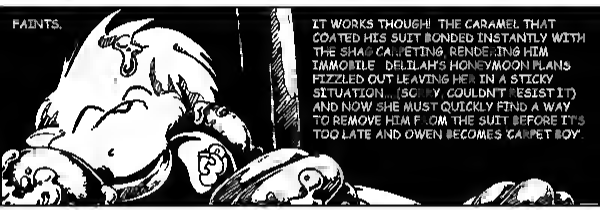
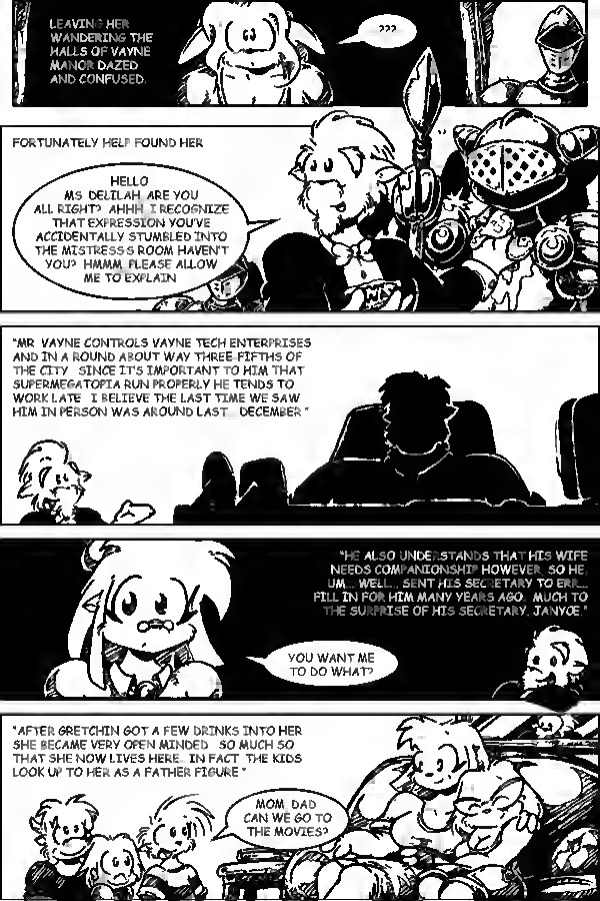
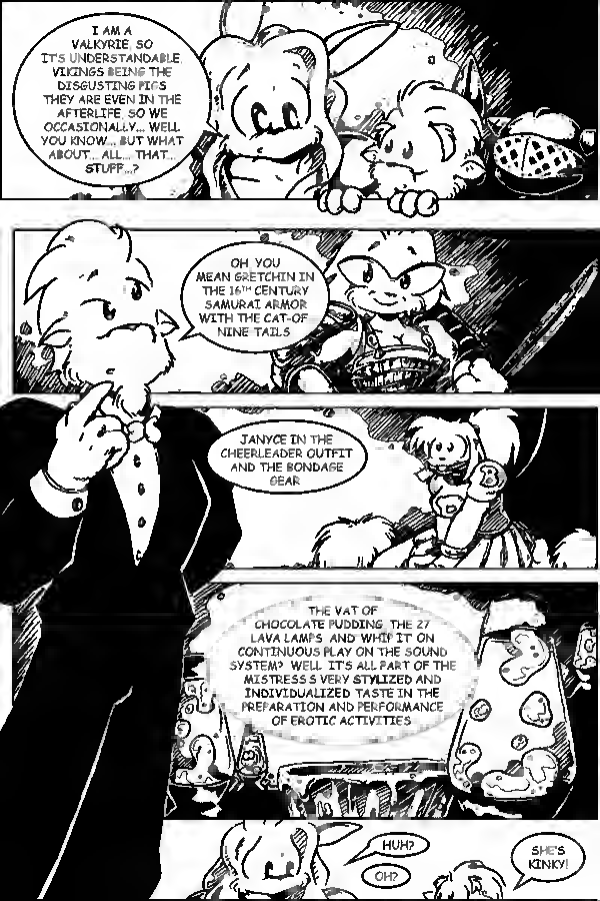
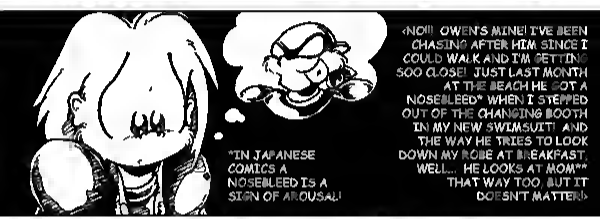

PAINTS.
IT WORKS THOUGH! THE CARAMEL THAT COATED HIS SUIT BONDED INSTANTLY WITH THE SHAG CARPETING, RENDERING HIM IMMOBILE. DELILAH'S HONEYMOON PLANS FIZZLED OUT LEAVING HER IN A STICKY SITUATION... (SORRY, COULDN'T RESIST IT) AND NOW SHE MUST QUICKLY FIND A WAY TO REMOVE HIM FROM THE SUIT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE AND OWEN BECOMES 'CARPET BOY'.

HOWEVER, DELILAH WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT SAW AND DIDN'T LOOK AWAY IN TIME. THE SPECTACLE UNFORTUNATELY FRIED MOST OF HER NEURAL PATHWAYS AND INSTANTLY STUPEFIED HER!
HOLY MOTHER OF ODIN!

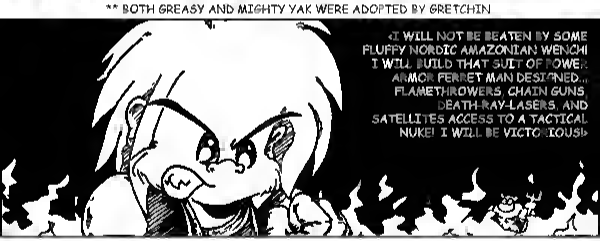

LEAVING HER WANDERING THE HALLS OF VAYNE MANOR DAZED AND CONFUSED.
???
FORTUNATELY HELP FOUND HER
HELLO MS. DELILAH. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? AHHH, I RECOGNIZE THAT EXPRESSION. YOU'VE ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLED INTO THE MISTRESS'S ROOM. HAVEN'T YOU? HMMM. PLEASE ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN.
"MR. VAYNE CONTROLS VAYNE TECH ENTERPRISES AND IN A ROUND ABOUT WAY THREE-FIFTHS OF THE CITY. SINCE IT'S IMPORTANT TO HIM THAT SUPERMEGATOPIA RUN PROPERLY HE TENDS TO WORK LATE. I BELIEVE THE LAST TIME WE SAW HIM IN PERSON WAS AROUND LAST... DECEMBER."
"HE ALSO UNDERSTANDS THAT HIS WIFE NEEDS COMPANIONSHIP. HOWEVER, SO HE, UM... WELL... SENT HIS SECRETARY TO ER!... FILL IN FOR HIM MANY YEARS AGO. MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF HIS SECRETARY, JANYCE."
YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT?
"AFTER GRETCHIN GOT A FEW DRINKS INTO HER SHE BECAME VERY OPEN MINDED. SO MUCH SO THAT SHE NOW LIVES HERE. IN FACT, THE KIDS LOOK UP TO HER AS A FATHER FIGURE."
MOM, DAD, CAN WE GO TO THE MOVIES?


I AM A VALKYRIE. SO IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE VIKINGS BEING THE DISGUSTING PIGS THEY ARE EVEN IN THE AFTERLIFE. SO WE OCCASIONALLY... WELL YOU KNOW... BUT WHAT ABOUT... ALL... THAT... STUFF...?
OH, YOU MEAN GRETCHIN IN THE 16TH CENTURY SAMURAI ARMOR WITH THE CAT-OF NINE TAILS
JANYCE IN THE CHEERLEADER OUTFIT AND THE BONDAGE GEAR
THE VAT OF CHOCOLATE PUDDING, THE 27 LAVA LAMPS, AND WHIP IT ON CONTINUOUS PLAY ON THE SOUND SYSTEM? WELL, IT'S ALL PART OF THE MISTRESS'S VERY STYLIZED AND INDIVIDUALIZED TASTE IN THE PREPARATION AND PERFORMANCE OF EROTIC ACTIVITIES
HUH?
OH?
SHE'S KINKY!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE WEASEL LAIR:
AND SO THIS VALKYRIE CLAIMS THAT BY BEING DEFEATED IN A FIGHT SHE IS NOW OWEN'S WIFE AND BELIEVES THAT JON IS HER SLAVE. THIS IS ODD EVEN FOR US!
WOW.
TALK


*IN JAPANESE COMICS A NOSEBLEED IS A SIGN OF AROUSAL!
‹NO!!! OWEN'S MINE! I'VE BEEN CHASING AFTER HIM SINCE I COULD WALK AND I'M GETTING SOO CLOSE! JUST LAST MONTH AT THE BEACH HE GOT A NOSEBLEED* WHEN I STEPPED OUT OF THE CHANGING BOOTH IN MY NEW SWIMSUIT! AND THE WAY HE TRIES TO LOOK DOWN MY ROBE AT BREAKFAST, WELL... HE LOOKS AT MOM** THAT WAY TOO, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER!›

** BOTH GREASY AND MIGHTY YAK WERE ADOPTED BY GRETCHIN


‹I WILL NOT BE BEATEN BY SOME FLUFFY NORDIC AMAZONIAN WENCH! I WILL BUILD THAT SUIT OF POWER ARMOR FERRET MAN DESIGNED... FLAMETHROWERS, CHAIN GUNS, DEATH-RAY-LASERS, AND SATELLITES ACCESS TO A TACTICAL NUKE! I WILL BE VICTORIOUS!›

>>>>>>>>
UMM, EXCUSE ME, I GOTTA GO!
SO, HAVE YOU TOLD MONGOOSE GUY?
WELL, HE GOT BACK AN HOUR AGO, WHEN I TOLD HIM HE FAINTED. SO FREDDY AND I HAD TO DRAG HIM TO HIS ROOM... MAN, THOSE STAIRS WERE A BITCH!
OUCH!
SPEAKING OF PUTTING THINGS TO BED, I GOT A NEW WATERBED JUST THE OTHER DAY. THEN ALL THIS DARK IGUANA STUFF POPPED UP, SO I STILL NEED TO GET IT TOGETHER. MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS IN WORKING ORDER, AND PLUG ANY HOLES AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME OVER AND HELP ME OUT ON IT?
SURE! I'LL SEE IF OWEN WANTS TO HELP TOO!
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING THIS, AFTER ALL, I'VE ONLY BEEN ANIMATE FOR A FEW HOURS, BUT UMM, YOU'RE CLUELESS AREN'T YOU?

MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND OF ETERNAL NIGHT:
SO DADDY WHICH DO YOU THINK I SHOULD TAKE A KAMAYARI SPEAR OR A BEARDED AXE? I'M NOT SURE IF I WANT TO IMPALE OR IF I SIMPLY WANT TO DECAPITATE
TAKE A HALBERD IT'S THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA TAKE?
OH, I'M JUST GOING TO SIT BACK AND WATCH YOU AND THE HORDE PUMPKIN. THAT AND KEEP TABS ON WEASEL BOY. CARRION WILL BE CRAWLING OUT OF HIS TOMB NOW THAT I'M GONE.
THAT SHOULD BE FUN. HE'S THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHOSE BAD LUCK STUCK WITH THEM EVEN AFTER DEATH. I WONDER WHAT HE'S PLANNING?

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE CITY
WHY ARRE WE HERE MASSTER?
HMM. EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ALL SUFFERING FROM BRAIN DEATH AND PROBABLY WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES I FEEL AS IF I SHOULD STILL EXPLAIN MY PLAN IN FULL. HOW ODD
"SUPERMEGATOPIA CREMATES THEIR DEAD. SO I CAN'T RAISE AN ARMY HERE. THEY FEEL THAT CEMETERIES WOULD BE A WASTE OF LAND THAT COULD BE BETTER USED FOR GROWING KIWIS WHICH IS WHY I'VE TAKEN US ON A FIELD TRIP TO THE SUPERMEGATOPIAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. WHICH IS WHY A LOT OF YOU SHOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME."

BUT... WHY MASTER?
IS THIS A VACATION?
NO FIRST OF ALL BEING THE ROTTING CORPSES WE ARE OR WERE THE TYPICAL TOURIST STOPS DON'T LIKE OUR PATRONAGE ALTHOUGH YOU MISTER TUT ARE PROBABLY STILL WELCOME BACK AT THE PYRAMID SECONDLY I DON'T LIKE ANY OF YOU SO WHY WOULD I TAKE YOU ON A TRIP?
I'M HURT
(OOO!)
OF COURSE YOU ARE NOW BACK TO MY EXPLANATION WE ARE HERE TO RAISE THE ONLY DEAD YOU'LL FIND IN THE CITY...
THEM!
TREX

BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR:

NIGHT OF THE STILL VERY DEAD!